



Vol. II. No. 19.

New York, Saturday, May 13, 1899.

\$2.00 per Year.
10 Cents per Copy.

THE KAPELLMEISTER'S CREMONAS.

It was the Emperor's birthday. The morning had been a glorious one; and nowhere was any trace left of the cold, hard Winter. Light-slumbering Spring breathed over the whole city an air of peace and joy. Myriads of birds caroled their delight, seemingly anxious to lend their voices to the general expressions of joy and thanksgiving.

I had just finished my light mid-day meal, and sat wondering how I could best employ this beautiful day without actually joining in the Germans' festivities, when an old American acquaintance whom I had not seen for many months stumbled accidentally across my den. In the course of conversation, he alluded to an old Russian whom he had met in his wanderings several years before—a bent, broken old man whose only relatives and friends consisted of two red-checked Cremona fiddles. The word Cremona was more than sufficient to arouse my interest, and I proceeded to ask my acquaintance a thousand and one questions which, of course, he could not answer.

"I reckon," said he, "old man Peters could have given you an exceptional treat in the way of Cremonas. Poor, old man! I suppose he's dead by this time. Poverty and rum have a disagreeable tendency to abbreviate existence, and Peters' purse could hardly have been more slender, or his stomach more cruelly devoured by alcohol, than when I last saw him. Yes, I reckon his Cremonas have found another master."

"But" said I, "who was this man Peters, and how did you make his acquaintance?"

"Oh," answered my companion, with a yawn, "I met him in Oberwald. In his younger days he had been Kapellmeister of a military band in Moscow; but growing restless and dissatisfied, he resigned from his post and drifted to Germany. Year after year of a dreary and profitless life sped away, and he grew embittered with the whole world and utterly reckless of the future. Ambition fled, and, with it, all good resolves. Twenty years after leaving his native soil he was a physical wreck. Rum and misfortune had done their work."

"Are you quite certain of the old man's death?" said I rather thoughtfully. Perhaps I might—

My companion interrupted me with a laugh. He knew my weakness; and though he could not appreciate my feelings in the matter, he was nevertheless not averse to render me some assistance.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said he, with such good nature that I felt my heart warm towards him. "Oberwald is but a short journey from Berlin. We neither of us know how to while away the afternoon. Let us take the next train, and find out whether Peters is teaching fiddle in this world or the next."

"Good," I cried. "Nothing will please me better."

On the way to the station I was nervous and impatient. In my eagerness to see, and perhaps possess, the old Russian's Cremonas, it did not once cross my mind how slim was the chance of finding him alive. Already I pictured myself in a poverty-stricken attic at Oberwald, examining those precious bits of wood and varnish, with a calm exterior but a palpitating heart.

We had just enough time to get comfortably settled in a third-class carriage, when the train slowly and silently left the station. There was only one other passenger in our coupé—a very short, stout, greasy-looking individual, who proceeded to produce some remarkable sounds by means of a large red nose and a large red handkerchief. This curious little chunk of humanity seemed very proud of his efforts; and every time the handkerchief was brought into play, he would look at us as though expecting approval and encouragement. Finally he gave a tremendous blast, ending in rapid staccati which died away to a pianissimo, coughed several times, tugged away at his cravat, and, regarding me intently, said: "Pardon me, sir, but you seem to be an artist! A flutist, perhaps, or a trombone player?"

No?—Ah, yes. I see. You are a violin virtuoso. I recognize your instrument by the little sore spot on your neck. What a heavenly instrument it is! (Will you take some snuff?—No?—Too bad!)—Yes I love the violin. But I never learned to play it beyond getting the strings in tune, which, I assure you, I did quite beautifully. Ah, me! I always loved music and artists. I came very near being an artist myself. One day, my father began to think what he should make of me. He was a very intelligent man, my father; and after considering the matter a long time—during which he decided that I was not much good for anything in particular—he resolved to make an artist of me. So I began to study the French horn. (Do take some snuff! No?—Ah, you miss one of the real pleasures of life!)—Well, I was getting on famously, when, one day, our neighbor (the butcher) and I came to blows because he also played the French horn and was envious of my beautiful tone. He had a fist like a sledgehammer. This I did not believe till I had lost four of my front teeth. Of course, that settled my artistic career. But I have always retained a great love for the profession in which I gave such promise of shining; and when I meet an artist like yourself, my heart goes out to him, and I could weep like a child."

Here the disappointed artist blew a mournful dirge on the wind instrument, which did not require of the performer a full set of teeth; and the train stopping at Oberwald, we alighted, after expressing the deepest sympathy for our companion's misfortune.

At the station we found a wreck of a cab, attached to which was a horse whose flesh was rapidly disappearing. The cabman's beery face betokened his chief occupation. But it also suggested to us the thought that he might know something of interest concerning the old musician.

"Herr Je!" he exclaimed, in answer to my question, "of course he's alive. Everybody knows old Peters. I took him home in my cab last night, and had to carry him to bed. 'You see,' said he, lowering his voice a trifle, 'Peters has some fiddles that are said to be very valuable. But he's been very poor for ever so long, and yesterday he sold one of his fiddles for which, they say, Doctor Klingel paid him two hundred marks. I don't know how true this is; but the doctor must have paid him a good price, for Peters drank rum at the Grünerhof all last evening, and when he stopped drinking it was only because he had fallen asleep and rolled under the table."

"Good heavens!" I cried—"have we come too late? I never did have—"

"Now, don't despair," interrupted my companion. "Peters would not have sold his best fiddles at such a price. Of this I am certain."

So off we drove—I, very much cast down by what we had heard, and my companion, obviously disappointed for my sake, though he pretended to believe that the old Russian would not have parted with a favorite fiddle for any such pitiful sum.

We found him at home. He had not yet fully recovered from the previous night's debauch, and seemed somewhat startled by our visit—like a man who long ago had severed all social ties and remembered only vaguely the common civilities of social intercourse.

"Old man Peters," as he was commonly termed in the village of Oberwald, was just such a peculiar patchwork of Nature as sometimes we encounter drifting aimlessly about in the by-ways of life. The external man had been shriveling with the internal forces; and though his physique was still a comparatively powerful one, the Russian's extended hand trembled violently as he bade us welcome, and his shuffling walk betrayed the departure of physical control and elasticity. Wholly unprepared for visitors, he had evidently been making an experiment universally practiced on certain remorseful occasions; for his large and shaggy head was swathed in a huge discolored cloth

which, at first, made it impossible for me to distinguish his features.

Appreciating, I suppose, his untidy and suspicious appearance, he slowly unwound the ill-smelling cloth from his head, and, with a tremulous sigh, bade us be seated.

I beheld a prematurely furrowed and flabby face; a broad, flat nose, the process of whose coloring must have been a costly affair; weak and restless eyes; and ears of such unusual size as to make one feel that Nature's judgment in the distribution of human features is not always to be relied upon.

"And where have you been these many months?" said Peters, turning to my companion—"and what brings you to Oberwald?"

"Oh, nothing more nor less," was the light-hearted reply, "than a wish to see you again before I return to America. My friend, whom I ran across this afternoon, became interested in what I told him concerning your fiddles; and, as he had nothing else to do, I persuaded him to keep me company. So here we are!"

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "my dear-beloved Cremonas have been my only friends for many, many years. They chide me, sometimes, and exhort me to stay away from the Grünerhof and be a better man. Often, when I come home late, the Red One—whom I call my wife—upbraids me bitterly for the life I lead; and I caress her, soothe her, promise to begin life anew, and I am forgiven. But so often have I yielded to temptation that I can no longer endure the Red One's reproaches. I—am—going—to—sell—her" he muttered slowly and rising feebly from the rickety chair, he shuffled about the narrow room, mumbling incoherently.

I certainly pitied the wretched musician and would have spoken a word or two of gentle sympathy had I not detected a fiddle-case peeping out from beneath the coverlet of an iron cot that stood pressed against the farther wall. The sight stirred my imagination to such a degree that, for some moments, I was utterly unable to command my voice. At last, however, I succeeded in saying, quite calmly, "Herr Peters, will you not show me the Red One? I am only a poor, dabbling amateur; but I, too, love the art-children of Cremona, and might be disposed to purchase this particular one if you will sell it to me for a reasonable sum."

The shuffling ceased, and a wild look came into the watery eyes. There he stood, irresolute. He seemed unable to reach a decision. My companion grew restless and was about to address him, when he staggered to the cot, drew forth the fiddle-case, and, in broken accents said:—"Young man, I will show her to you. It is useless for me to keep her longer. The Red One and I must part. If she passes into your possession, I pray you guard her carefully."

And now came one of the most exciting moments in my life. The case was opened, and there lay the Red One, clothed in all her silken finery. My heart throbbed painfully as I stroked her neck and touched her glowing cheeks. I could have shrieked with the pain of it all.

When I had recovered my composure, I said: "And the other one—where is she?"

"Gone!" he replied—"we parted company forever, last evening."

The homeward journey was one of brooding silence. My companion must have realized that I was not to be trifled with. Not till we alighted from our third-class carriage at Berlin did he venture one remark. Then, with a show of indifference, he exclaimed: "Well, how about the Red One?"

"You infernal lunkhead!" I cried, turning on him wrathfully, "couldn't you see that it was only a mongrel apology of a fiddle? Couldn't you see that the 'varnish' was of the glove-dye variety? Couldn't you see that the scroll and the F holes were the work of a driveling idiot?"

GEORGE LEHMANN.

AMERICANS IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, April 30, 1899.

The leading musical event of the past fortnight, and, in fact, one of the leading events of this season in Berlin, was the great Joachim celebration held at the Philharmonie, on April 23d, when the "Altmeister's" best pupils came from all over Europe, formed themselves into an orchestra, and under the leadership of Fritz Steinbach, gave their revered master a testimonial concert that will live long in the memory not only of the recipient, but of the thousands of hearers as well.

Tickets were at a premium, and neither for love nor money was even an admission ticket obtainable when the celebration began.

Joachim's chair, in the body of the hall, was decorated with greens and flowers, and when he finally took his seat, there was a scene of almost indescribable enthusiasm.

The orchestra played a mediæval fanfare, done by the trumpets and drums of the Royal Cuirassiers, the First and Second Dragoons, and the First Artillery Regiment, all of the Royal Prussian Guard, under the leadership of Prof. Gustav Rossberg, the Superintendent of Military Music.

The entire audience stood during the playing of the fanfare, and it was some little time before the cheering and hand-clapping subsided sufficiently to allow Fräulein Rosa Poppe (of the Schauspielhaus) a chance for the reading of the prologue, specially written for the occasion by Herman Grimm.

The sketch gave a brief, but accurate description of Joachim's life and successes, from the time when he made his first public appearance as a violinist, in Budapest, March 17, 1839. The prologue was in verse, and Miss Poppe gave it a delightful delivery.

Particular stress was laid on the great violinist's association with such great masters as Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, Bülow and Brahms.

There was more demonstrative enthusiasm after the reading, and then the splendid "scratch" orchestra started the musical programme with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

The rest of the regular programme was as follows: Variations for violin and orchestra, Joachim; overture to Genoveva, Schumann; overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; symphony in C minor, Brahms, and concerto in G major, Bach.

The conclusion of each number in this lengthy programme was greeted with tremendous applause, the venerable violinist joining most enthusiastically.

After the Brahms symphony came the surprise and climax of the evening, when, after a short pause, full of expectancy and conjecture, some ladies of the orchestra handed Joachim his own violin and bow, and requested him on behalf of everybody present to play the solo part of the Beethoven concerto.

He protested good naturedly at first, but the urging of the orchestra and auditors finally prevailed, and Joachim mounted the platform, saying, smilingly, to the audience, however:

"I am not in the least prepared to play. I have not practised for some days. Many in the orchestra here could play it better; but, since you wish it, I will try. If I find I can't, I shall stop."

There was great rejoicing, and finally Joachim played, accompanied by the orchestra.

The aged master seemed inspired, and though there were slight slips and flaws, the general tenor of the performance was one of grandest dignity and earnestness.

Many in the audience could not restrain their tears, as they gazed at the silver-haired player, standing on the vast stage, surrounded by his adoring pupils, his head bent caressingly over his instrument, and his bow drawing forth the noblest of all violin compositions written by the greatest of all masters.

It was a sight ever to be remembered, and no wonder that at the close of the performance the acclaim of the audience knew no bounds.

It did not cease until Joachim raised his baton for the beginning of the last number on the programme, which he directed in person, calling forth another noisy ovation.

It was a typical occasion and a typical gathering, to be seen nowhere but in Germany, where art knows no barriers of time or age, and where to have been beloved by the public at any time means to be beloved always. Under the shaggy exterior of the Prussian beats a big, loyal, tender heart, and it never showed itself more plainly than at the complimentary celebration to Joachim.

Other countries might follow Germany's example, and not set upon those who in their old age can no longer give the same pleasure as when they were younger.

Honor, not sarcasm, is the due of artists like Patti, Lehmann, Maurel, Madeleine Schiller and others. Remember this, my dear compatriots.

Here is some gossip about well-known American students and artists in Berlin:

Mr. King, husband of the American singer, Clara Poole King, left Berlin on Thursday last for London, where he has his permanent home. Mr. King lived in Berlin during the greater part of the past season.

Miss Augusta S. Cottlow's "Romanze" for violin and pianoforte has been favorably mentioned by the chief musical critics in Berlin. This well-deserved praise will doubtless spur Miss Cottlow on to further work.

The last popular concert of the season, at the Philharmonie, attracted an enormous audience, of which our compatriots formed not the least portion.

The main attraction was Concertmaster Witek, whose appearance at these concerts always insures an extra turning out of the faithful.

Some years ago Witek was considered a violinist of ordinary ability, and it was not until an American, your Mr. Leonard Liebling, began to make critical propaganda for him in the press, and in that way pushed the nose of musical Berlin into Witek's work, that the wonderful Bohemian artist began to be appreciated at his true worth.

He was given a rousing reception last Wednesday night, which left no doubt of his great and unabated popularity with the American colony.

Miss Estelle Liebling, who arrived here from New York some two weeks ago, is already hard at work with her former teacher, Frau Prof. Nicklass-Kempner, and will sing at the June concert of Stern's Conservatorium.

Mr. Daniel Visanska was recently admitted into Prof. Joachim's weekly violin class at the Royal High School of Music. Mr. Visanska is a former pupil of Leopold Lichtenberg, of New York, and is one of the most talented of the American violin students in Berlin. Mr. Max Ghulka was also admitted to Prof. Joachim's class.

Mme. Marcella Lindh gave a "Lieder-Abend" at Beethoven Hall, singing songs from the works of Grétry, Paesello, Schumann, Brahms, Dell'Acqua, Moszkowski, Seuffert, two Scotch songs, and the aria from "La perle du Brésil," by Felicien David. Mme. Lindh's voice is sympathetic in quality, and she made a most agreeable impression. If I mistake not, the fair singer has been heard frequently in the United States.

Otto Singer, formerly of Cincinnati, O., has just been married to Miss Ora Moore, of New York. Mr. Singer is the splendid musician who has made the four-handed arrangements for piano of Richard Strauss' orchestral works.

Mme. Théa Dorré, an American singer, sang in "Car-men" with great success in Nuremberg last week.

Della Rogers, also well known in the United States, was in Berlin recently. She will sing soon at the Elberfeld Theatre.

Percy Sherwood, an American, residing in Dresden, won the first prize of 500 marks offered by the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein, for a chamber-music work without piano.

The musical department of that most excellent weekly printed here in English, "The German Times," and first made important through the editorship of Mr. Leonard Liebling, who was afterwards succeeded by Mr. Wm. Davol Sanders, has again known a change, inasmuch as the last-mentioned gentleman has made way for Mr. David M. Levett, under whose careful guidance the musical column will be conducted on the same high plane as heretofore.

PRETTY PATTI STORY.

A delightful little anecdote is going the rounds, of an incident that took place on one of Mme. Patti's latest tours through this country.

It is to the effect that the celebrated prima donna once gave a concert to an audience of one, and that one was a little, twelve-year-old girl:

"In her room at the hotel one day, Mme. Patti was distressed to hear a child crying somewhere near. As the pitiful sobbing increased the gentle singer's tender heart was touched, and she went in search of the sufferer, and finally found her curled up on a couch with her face in a pillow weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my little one?" she asked kindly. "Oh," sobbed the little girl, "my mamma had two tickets for a concert this afternoon and she promised to take me to hear Patti sing, but a friend of hers came to visit us, so she has taken her, and I had to stay at home, when I do so love music!" and the sobs broke out afresh.

"Well," said Mme. Patti, touching the flushed face with her cool hand, "you have cried till no doubt your head aches sadly; now if you will try to go to sleep and forget all your troubles I will sing to you. I can sing a little," she added with a merry smile, seating herself at the piano. Then for an hour such a flood of entrancing melody poured forth as the walls of that little room had never echoed before and never would again, while an astonished child listened enraptured, and an impatient audience waited and wondered why their sweet singer did not come.

It was not until the next day, when a box of bon-bons arrived for the little girl, who never regretted the concert her mamma had failed to take her to, that the identity of the guest who had comforted her so sweetly became known through a tiny card, tucked away among the chocolate creams, that bore this legend: "With love from Adelina Patti to the little girl she sang to sleep yesterday."

The Role of the Piano.—South America has no city with a permanent orchestra. The great classics and the oratorios are not heard in South America, and are not heard in the Latin countries of Europe. It can always be taken for granted that nations which do not use or make pianos do not cultivate the orchestral or choral works of the masters. The Anglo-Saxon and Teuton are in the lead among piano cultivators.

Harrisburg Festival.—The "Patriot," Harrisburg, Pa., says: "There is some talk of a big musical festival for this city next Summer. The projectors of the affair propose, if proper arrangements can be made, to have a chorus of 500 children. They would like to offer prizes to be contested for by bands and vocalists. The promoters of the scheme want the concert to be held in some park near town and favor Paxtang."

Box-office and Art.—When Mr. Sousa's opera, "The Charlatan," was first put on in New York, it did not succeed. Since then changes have been made, and now it draws crowded houses. On the subject of this metamorphosis, the New York "World" remarks aptly: "The old 'Charlatan' redounded to the reputation of Sousa, the musician; the new 'Charlatan' is a tribute to his business acumen. The original score was an artistic achievement. In it Sousa had put his best work. The present arrangement is a surrender to the inartistic tastes of the multitude."

Patriotic Grau.—Susan Strong, an American girl, has been engaged by Maurice Grau for the London season. It will be remembered that she sang in America several years ago with the Damrosch and Mapleson companies, and later went to London. Miss Strong is the fortunate possessor of an independent fortune, and her professional career will not be a necessity to her. It was plain on her first appearances here that she was in need of greater preparation. She wisely retired from the stage for two years, devoted her time to study, and will show the evidences of her further preparation next month in London in the Wagner performances.

SPRINGFIELD FESTIVAL.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., May 7, 1899.

The eleventh festival given by the Hampden County Musical Association opened Wednesday evening with "Elijah." The chorus work, under Conductor G. W. Chadwick, was excellent; in fact, the best ever done here.

I must take exception to some of Mr. Chadwick's tempi, however. He forced many of the allegro choruses to such a speed as to be impossible for any body of singers to follow.

The orchestra were able to keep up the pace, but Chadwick did rush Elijah into heaven at a devilish pace. The orchestra was composed of Boston Symphony men, and gave perfect satisfaction. The soloists were Ffrangcon Davies, Dr. Ion Jackson, Mrs. G. C. Wilson and Miss Gertrude May Stein.

Davies was not so acceptable as when heard here before in the same work.

Stein was easily the vocal star of the evening. Thursday afternoon, Beethoven's symphony, No. 4, in B flat, and Miss Olive Mead, violinist, were the attractions.

Thursday evening, "Artists' Night," presented a miscellaneous programme of a more popular nature. Marie Brema was eminently successful in the ballade, "La fiancée du Tinballier," by Saint-Saëns.

The dramatic force she uses is astonishing.

Gertrude May Stein sang the aria, "Gerechter Gott," from "Rienzi," with great expression and unusual vocalization.

Friday afternoon, Mme. Carreño drew a large audience. She played Tchaikowsky's concerto No. 1, in B flat minor, and three short numbers. My first impression of her magnificent work, heard ten years ago, has never left me. She is one of the most satisfying pianists I have ever heard—a veritable "Calvé" of the piano.

Friday evening, with Thomas' "Swan and Skylark" and Chadwick's "Lily Nymph," closed the festival, which was a musical success, taken as a whole. It demonstrated that people will go to hear good music without the attraction of a great "star," and this is certainly encouraging.

There will probably be some financial loss, but not a large amount.

F. E. WHEELER.

AMERICAN MUSIC IN PARIS.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, formerly of this city, who has been designated as national organist for the Paris Exposition, is at work upon a scheme to show the advancement of the United States in music. While the details have not been perfected, the general outline has been sufficiently laid out to indicate the scope of the undertaking. It is his purpose to take the leading vocal and instrumental artists of this country to the Exposition and give a series of concerts and recitals in the Trocadero, and also to have the United States worthily represented in the musical congresses. He is also in favor of having the Chicago Orchestra go to Paris, with Theodore Thomas at its head, to give a series of concerts.

Newark Music.—Six performances of opera were given in Newark, April 18-22, for the benefit of the "Home for the Friendless." The works produced were "Mikado" and "Priscilla," and both drew crowded and enthusiastic audiences, netting an extremely handsome sum for the worthy charity. The participants were uniformly good, but special praise is due Mme. Anita Rio, the soprano, who was the only New Yorker in the company. She learned the rôle of Priscilla at very short notice, which did not prevent her, however, from giving a magnificent performance, that was rewarded with unbounded applause on the part of the audience. Mme. Rio scored the real success of the whole series of performances.

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OPERA IN LONDON.

The cable has brought reports of the brilliant opening of Grau's London season at Covent Garden.

There was the regulation large and fashionable audience, containing a splendid sprinkling of the nobility, of whom the Prince of Wales was the most distinguished representative.

Mrs. Mackay went over for the opening from Paris, and occupied a box with her sister, Countess Telfener.

"Lohengrin" was the opera, and it received a magnificent performance, the notable feature of which was Frau Mottl's Elsa.

She acted with intelligence, and, before all things, sang with enthusiasm and art. She has a beautiful voice.

M. Jean de Reszke, as Lohengrin, and Mr. Bispham, as Telramund, repeated their New York successes in London.

Herr Mottl was an admirable conductor, firm yet sympathetic.

PAUR AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

Emil Paur and his Symphony orchestra have been engaged for a series of concerts to be given during the Summer at Brighton Beach. The concerts are to be under the direction of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Two concerts will be given daily. The matinées will be conducted by Mr. Arthur Claassen, director of the Arion Singing Society, of Brooklyn, and the evening concerts by Mr. Emil Paur. Vocal numbers will figure on the programmes. Eminent soloists will be engaged, and the Arion Society will furnish the chorus.

The season will begin on Tuesday afternoon, May 30 (Decoration Day).

DE PACHMANN COMING?

A New York manager announces that he has secured M. Vladimir de Pachmann, the great Chopin player, who has made several tours in America under the auspices of Chickering & Sons, for a series of concerts during the season 1899-1900. The Germans say: "We shall see what we shall see."

Composers' Autographs.—At an auction sale of autograph manuscripts in London, four pages, containing Beethoven's songs, "Ah Perfide" and "Heidenröslein," brought \$120, and Mignon's song, "Kennst du das Land," \$62. Four Schubert songs, in autograph, brought prices ranging from \$105 to \$165 each.

Melba's Rival.—A new Melba has been discovered in Australia, Miss Amy Castles, who hails from the Bendigo gold field. She recently made her debut at the annual meeting of the Austral Salon, a woman's literary club in Melbourne, where she caused much enthusiasm by her singing.

Nevada to Come Home.—Emma Nevada is due to arrive here from Europe in a few days. Her visit has a purely personal character, but if certain arrangements can be made, she will be heard in concert. Mme. Nevada has not sung before a home audience since 1888. In Europe this American singer is a great favorite.

"Concert-Goer" Goes.—The "Concert-Goer," which was at one time quite a nice little monthly, has come out in reduced form as a weekly. In its new shape it lacks the features which gave it some kind of popularity. It is said that Mr. Ellery, who was the brains of the concern, has withdrawn and gone into some other business.

Germans in Italy.—When Anton Seidl was at Bayreuth two Summers ago, conducting "Parsifal," he received a number of offers from opera-houses and concert orchestras. Among the latter was the Kaim Orchestra, of Munich. This famous band lately made a tour of Italy under Felix Weingartner, and scored tremendous successes everywhere. In Turin the "Leonore" overture had to be repeated. The Italians have at last reached the stage where German music can be performed in their cities without causing a riot.

Sternberg Honored.—Constantin von Sternberg, the well-known Philadelphia pianist and teacher, head of a successful piano-school in that city, recently gave a most interesting pupils' recital, which revealed in a strong light his very superior gifts as a pedagogue. During the course of the entertainment the students presented their master with a very handsome cigarette case, specially made for him, with his monogram and crest, inlaid with gold and bearing a suitable inscription. Prior to this and just before the close of the concert, Mr. Sternberg made a brief address, which treated principally of the "Art of Teaching."

Berger Recital.—Mme. Kitty Berger's afternoon musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on Saturday of last week, was successful both from a musical and a social standpoint. Miss Berger had the assistance of such competent artists as Miss Grace Wells Heagle, Mme. Ohlstrom Renard, Miss Rebecca Mackenzie, Dr. Victor Baillard, and Mr. Victor Kündö, but the charming concert-giver herself reaped the greatest share of success and enthusiasm. Her harp-zither solos, distinctly the features of a very well constructed programme, were eloquent pleas for a kind of music that is far too much neglected. In order to take its place in our musical life, it should have some more artistic exponents like Miss Berger, and precisely there "lies the rub."

Summer Singing.—Mr. Abercrombie is now comfortably settled in his new and commodious studios, at No. 59 Fifth avenue, and will remain to teach in New York during the Summer months, as the following professional pupils have arranged to take lessons during their vacation: Miss Ethel Jackson, of "Runaway Girl" Company; Miss Charlotte de Leyde, of Francis Wilson Company; Miss Marie Storie, of "Gay Manhattan" Company; Miss Estelle Webster, of "Jolly Musketeers" Company; Miss Eva James, of Frank Daniels Company; Miss M. S. McCleery, of St. Louis; Miss Fannie Magruder, of Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Cross, of Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Olina Pendell, of Worcester, Mass.; Miss McCalmont, of Warren, Pa.; Miss Mercer, Mlle. Steinert, Mrs. Houston, Miss Brown and Miss Wookey, of New York; Signor Cantori, of the Royal Italian Opera Company, and a number of amateurs.

CONCERTOS IN COMPETITION.

The recent competition for the Bösendorfer prize in Vienna was thus interestingly described in the New York "Times," by an eye-witness, no doubt:

"The great pianoforte virtuosos, Leschetizky and Rosenthal, combined with Julius Epstein, Alfred Grünfeld, and Wilhelm Gericke, formed the jury who, out of the seventy-two anonymous works sent in, selected three for the final verdict of the public at Sunday's concert. These were known to be those of the young Hungarian, Ernest Von Dohnányi; the Dutchman, Brandts-Buys, who has been for



ERNEST VON DOHNÁNYI.

some time settled in Austria; and the North German composer, Eduard Behm, known better by his opera, "Der Schelm von Bergen," and for his intimate acquaintance with Brahms. Although the fate of the competitors was virtually decided before the concert, the event was awaited with great interest. Nothing has been known for years like it in the history of music. The concerto had become a negligible quantity. Would the boundaries of disappointing mediocrity at last be overstepped and a fresh and sparkling source of genius be discovered?

"The Berliner, Behm, led off with his concerto in E major, which was played by Dr. Kuhlö, of Berlin, Behm wielding the baton to the full orchestral forces of the Imperial Opera House. His work is that of a ripe artist, possessing considerable technical possibilities and a plenitude of attractive melody. Behm received 598 votes. He was followed by Brandts-Buys, who, deficient in modern pianoforte technique, was indiscreet enough to play his own piece, a concerto in F major, in which, perhaps, the masterly orchestration is the most notable feature. It is at the same time melodic, and the solo passages are tasteful, though the whole work lacks the vital spark of genius. He gained 607 votes. Young Von Dohnányi, boyish, sympathetic, and sanguine, found an ovation in store for him. He caught the fancy of the audience from the first, and scored another of those triumphs which this stripling Magyar has already gained in England. His concerto in E minor is on the heroic scale, and abounding in manly pathos, even if not always wholly original. His masterly technique as an executant, his nervous force, his overpowering temperament, and, above all, his brilliant fantasy, stood him in good stead in imparting the poetical feeling and necessary nuance to his performance. The general feeling was that the audience had before it a man who was destined to rank with the greatest composers of our time. Over 700 votes were accorded him."

A MUSICAL SCALP.

One of the New York theatre orchestras contains a musician who is able to arouse the interest of all who sit near him, even if they would prefer the usual quality of a theatre orchestra. The interest which he causes is quite unconnected with his performances as a member of the band, although the circumstances which create it are dependent on his work. He plays one of the wind instruments, and spectators seated near the orchestra are astonished to see what seems to be a rising and falling of the top of his head in accordance with the fervor with which he plays. It is interesting to observe the expressions on the faces of those who notice this singular sight for the first time, and are at a loss to account for it. The hair of the musician appears to rise and then to fall an inch or more, in accordance with the enthusiasm he gives to his performance. The effect of this strange sight on the beholders is already familiar to him, and disconcerts the musician slightly. It is the result of an accident. Some years ago a screw fell from the top of a proscenium arch on his head with force enough to fracture his skull. When he recovered enough to resume his profession there was a hole in the skull. It is that which causes the rising and falling of the scalp, and not any excessive effort in the pursuit of his duties. That part of the audience which is near enough to see him, however, never fails to find the strange participation of his scalp in the musical interludes a fascinating object to contemplate.

Blauvelt Successes Continue.—Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, was the star of the London Music May Festival last week. Mme. Blauvelt recently sang in Rome before the King and Queen of Italy, and was presented with a large and costly brooch by Queen Margherita, in the centre of which is the letter "M" set in large diamonds and rubies.

WANTED—NEW OPERAS.

COMPTON, QUE., April 15, 1899.

EDITOR MUSICAL AMERICA:

The people of New York are very proud of the operatic company which Mr. Grau has brought to America, and which includes fourteen star singers, to say nothing of almost countless lesser lights. The New Yorkers claim that never before have so many famous singers sung under one manager during one season; and while this is, perhaps, true, little or nothing is said concerning the operas that are being sung. The magazines and papers are full of portraits and anecdotes of the stars, but we see very little about the composers who have done so much to make life more livable for the rest of mankind.

In one of the programme books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra there appeared, not long ago, an advertisement of a two weeks' opera season under the management of Mr. C. A. Ellis. First came the names of the singers, and then, in letters just half the size, a list of the operas that would be sung; and these operas were familiar to every one, nothing new, except Puccini's "La Bohème."

Why is it that managers are so afraid of bringing out new works or reviving the old ones in this country? Even Auber or Boieldieu would be a relief after this eternal "Carmen," and "Aida," and "Traviata," and "Huguenots," and "Martha," and "Lucia." Are Gounod, and Verdi, and Wagner the only operatic composers who have ever lived? Why can we not have operas by Spontini, Cherubini, Méhul, Halévy, Gluck, or even Handel and Purcell?

Of Rossini, we have only had "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." "Guillaume Tell" is seldom given, because the music allotted to Arnold is too high for the ordinary tenor; but surely, among Mr. Grau's many singers, there ought to be a tenor capable of taking this part; and did not Rossini also write "Otello," "Semiramide," "Mosé in Egitto" and "Tancredi?"

Cherubini is neglected altogether; Goethe and Mendelssohn considered "Les Deux Journées" a model comic opera, but I do not think it has been given in America since it was sung by the Carl Rosa Company, when Mme. Parepa Rosa was the principal singer of that institution; and "Les Deux Journées" is only one of Cherubini's many operas. "Les Abécérages," "Elisa," "Médée," "Lodoiska" are among the finest operas ever written, and there is no doubt that "Famika" is the model upon which Beethoven built his "Fidelio."

Then there is Weber, the founder of the romantic school of opera; "Der Freyschütz," "Euryanthe" and "Oberon" should be in every operatic manager's repertoire. And Gluck, who did as much for the French opera as Wagner has done for the German, and who wrote "Orpheus," "Armide," "Antigone," "Iphigénie in Aulis," "Iphigénie in Tauris" and "Alceste," should not be neglected altogether. Of Mozart we have had "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," but "Così fan tutte," "La Clemenza di Tito," "Die Zauberflöte" we never hear. Donizetti's "La Favorita" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" are heard often enough, but "La Fille du Regiment," "Don Pasquale," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Anna Boleno," "Linda di Chamounix" are strangers to the average opera-goer; and Bellini's operas are almost forgotten now.

I do not think "Norma" has been sung since 1873, when Titiens was the Norma, or "La Sonnambula" since 1874, when Albani was the Amina; and "I Puritani" is never given now.

Halévy's "La Juive" and "L'Eclair," Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche" and "Jean de Paris," Méhul's "Joseph," and "Adrian," Auber's "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello" and "Domino Noir," Spontini's "La Vestale," "Pélagie" and "Olympie," Thomas' "Hamlet" and "Mignon," Berlioz's "Les Troyens" and "Benvenuto Cellini" are only a few of the many operas that are slowly but surely being forgotten by Americans, and simply because the star singers do not choose to step out of the beaten operatic track; for there is no doubt that if the stars should wish to sing these less familiar operas, we should hear them oftener.

A. H.

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QUARTET vs. CHORUS CHOIRS.

Why "versus?" some one will ask. Because that is just the spirit in which most churches regard the question, who for the first time elect to have a paid choir, and it depends largely on the professional adviser chosen as to which form of musical equipment is finally determined on. If he believes in a chorus, he can see nothing at all worthy of consideration in the quartet. If, on the contrary, he favors a quartet, he will bring arguments galore to bear, proving beyond question that a chorus is all that is objectionable.

As the writer revels in an argument in which he can monopolize the "floor," both pro and con, himself, and as he so rarely has the opportunity, he welcomes this occasion with enthusiasm.

In favor of the quartet choir, then, he urges on your consideration:

First—It is the easiest form of church choir for the organist, director, or either of them, for there are only four people to manage, whose abilities are in very short order discovered, and the work can henceforth be kept therein. Also, at a moment's notice, change can be made from a quartet to a solo duo or trio number. Any regular rehearsal may be dispensed with also, and a fifteen-minute rush through any old and familiar work in the repertoire substituted. The personnel of a chorus is so constantly changing that it is well nigh impossible to do so with safety.

Second—More florid and attractive music may be attempted with the quartet, for there is more time in which to insure perfection of detail in each part. Short solos in concerted work can be made more of than in chorus choirs for the same reason.

Third—More variety is possible in the repertoire of the quartet, for the simple reason that five copies of music cost less than twenty to fifty copies.

Fourth—The constant attendance of the whole force, or adequate substitutes can be enforced, hence the work can be made more uniformly progressive.

Fifth—A larger appropriation can generally be secured for the maintenance of a quartet than for chorus, as lovers of solo singing are generally anxious to obtain the best material in the market.

A chorus choir man will read the above critically, if not cynically, but there is a foundational justice in each of the claims. For his favorite field of labor there can be no less said, however, and some of its just claims are:

First—The encouragement of wonderful congregational singing, for which the choirmaster has a special Scriptural injunction: "Let the people praise Thee, O God. Aye, let ALL the people praise Thee."

Second—The adequate and traditional interpretation of the masterpieces of church music. Who ever heard of a quartet choir before this country adopted it?

Third—Variety. There is a large and interesting literature for male and female three and four part choruses, as well as solo quintets, sextets, septets, etc., that by the statute of limitations is forbidden the quartet.

Fourth—Complete works are possible, especially narrative works, which enlist the services of the whole force in a more personal manner than the abstract anthem can or does.

Fifth—All that is possible with the quartet choir is possible with the chorus, providing only, of course, that the moving spirit is an energetic and industrious one.

The above are in brief some of the arguments of the advocates of each of these forms of choir, sans the vituperation that frequently accompanies each.

The deciding factor in the mind of the writer, however, in viewing what evidence he has been able to adduce for each, lies in the fact that the quartet choir is, even judged by the claims of its adherents, purely a show device. The individuality of each singer (and the organist, as well) is omnipresent, no matter how perfect the ensemble work may be. In the chorus choir, on the contrary, everything tends to the effacement of the individual and the aggrandizement of the mass effects.

Did you ever remark, dear reader, how the greatest of men seem the most unobtrusive of mortals when in church? The writer has marveled at the appearance of great statesmen, writers, thinkers and moneyed men at such a time. Either as usher or one of those who pass the plate, or as worshipper in the pew, they lose their personality in the association with those around them. In just this wise it seems as though the solo singer becomes more attractive when surrounded by other and less attractive personalities, and the mind is left free to consider his or her work on its merits, and not in the glare of a special attraction. A solitary diamond has about the same effect on the writer. Much of the beauty of the gem is lost by virtue of its prominence. A well-set stone, amid others, has its value enhanced materially. The quartet choir always reminds one of a cluster of four different jewels of the same magnitude. The mind is so occupied in seeking to determine which is the best of the group that the intended combined effect is entirely lost sight of.

So we vote for the chorus choir as being the wiser choice for a church in quest of a musical department. In a future effusion we hope to dwell a little on the special office of this form of choir, until which time this argument is committed to the tender mercies of the reader: One thing, however, should be said: Where a business

man is to hold the reins, the quartet is much to be preferred, as, with his time limitations, he will accomplish much more than with a chorus, and a good quartet is always preferable to a poor chorus. VOX ORGANI.

MUSICAL BOSTON.

BOSTON, May 6, 1899.

The Apollo Club gave the last concert of its twenty-eighth season on the evening of May 3, with the assistance of Marie Brema.

Miss Brema has naturally a good voice, but she maltreats it in a direful manner.

In her efforts on this occasion there was not the least trace of the graceful art of singing.

Her first number consisted of a cycle of eight songs by Schumann.

The unique request was made upon the programme that the audience "observe silence during the performance of these songs."

The songs were sung in German, a language unfamiliar to every one in the audience, excepting, perhaps, a half dozen of the listeners.

There are excellent translations of every one of the songs given.

As English is Miss Brema's mother tongue, there was no excuse for this offence.

If the audience had been one at all discriminating, there would have been no necessity for the admonition regarding silence upon its part, for the performance of these songs deserved only the condemnation of silence.

The silence, however, was broken in the most violent manner by the singer, for she shouted and screamed in the most unvocal and inartistic manner, the effort combining a series of scoops, explosions and voice-rasping exhibitions, without the possession of any power or quality in the middle voice, that with the false intonation displayed caused the judicious to grieve, although the chorus burst into a rapturous applause that infected the audience sufficiently to cause it to perfunctorily join, and enable the performer to come forth a couple of times in recognition thereof.

It was a long, tedious and depressing effort on the part of the singer.

If the vocal art is regarded in its nobility, it must be considered a misfortune that such a display can find a place on the concert stage.

Later, Miss Brema essayed two songs by Maude Valerie White, that, vocally speaking, were butchered in cold blood, the vociferous exposition of which evoked a spontaneous outburst upon the part of the club, with an accompanying uproar upon the part of the audience that caused a repetition of the last one presented.

Alas! alas! to what extremes has the graceful art of singing been brought in these later days.

Of the singing of the club nothing should be said, for its policy has always been to exclude the press (except one or two of the elect), through a mistaken idea that it is a private affair, although its support has always rested upon a solicitation of associate members from among our musical community, the same as operatic, oratoric and other public musical enterprises.

To-night the fourteenth season of promenade concerts, familiarly known as the "Pops," will begin at Music Hall, beer, wine, cheese and cigars being dispensed on these occasions, while about fifty of the Symphony players make good music under the baton of Mr. Max Zach; succeeded, after four weeks, by Mr. Gustave Strube as conductor.

These concerts, which last until the first of July each season, were instituted by Mr. Higginson, in his generosity, to give employment to the musicians until their engagements began at the various Summer resorts. Regardless of the beer, cheese, etc., for some time they resulted in a deficit. If they are self-supporting now or not, I cannot say.

A "Municipal Band," under the direction of that eminent leader, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, will give concerts throughout the Summer months on the Common, the Marine Park and in other sections of the city. The band will consist of thirty-seven skillful musicians.

Mr. Gericke, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will spend the Summer months with his family at Blue Hill Springs, Me.

Mr. Allen A. Brown, whose gift to the Boston Public Library of his magnificent collection of music has made him a distinguished benefactor to musical art, will sail for Europe July 4. This means that after three months' sojourn abroad he will return, and the collection at the Public Library will be increased to the number of several hundred volumes. It is Mr. Brown's intention to constantly add to this collection as long as he lives, with the hope of making it the most complete musical library in the world, as far as it is within his power.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Bispham in London.—Mr. David Bispham, the American baritone, sang on May 2 at a concert in St. James' Hall, London, it being his first appearance abroad since his season in New York, at the Metropolitan Opera House. The popular artist was in excellent voice, and was honored with an enthusiastic reception, particularly after the performance of Lehmann's "Persian Garden."

Sembrich Sails.—Mme. Marcella Sembrich and her husband, Prof. Guillaume Stengel, sailed for England Saturday on the Lucania. The prima donna returned from her concert tour without having filled all the dates arranged; as the cold she contracted in Baltimore before the Grau testimonial developed into a rather severe bronchitis, and it was found necessary for her to abandon the concerts announced in Louisville and Indianapolis. Mme. Sembrich goes to London to meet Mr. Grau and settle there the final particulars of her contract with the Metropolitan Opera House for next season. This has not yet been signed, although it is practically settled that Mme. Sembrich will return with the company next year.

MUSICAL PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1899.

Concerts during the past week have included an appearance downtown of the Philadelphia Quartet Club, Wassili Leps, conductor—a German singing society, which won first prize in the second class at the National Saengerfest in 1894, and which is now preparing to compete in the first class in 1900 at Brooklyn. Its work was most excellent.

The Church Choral Union, H. H. McGranahan conductor; the Symphony Society of Philadelphia, W. W. Gilchrist conductor, and the Treble Clef Club, Samuel L. Herrmann conductor, gave several beautiful illustrations of adequate unaccompanied part-singing. They are each under the direction of conductors having an appreciation of rhythm and pianissimo, and the novelty of these two musical possessions here among many other aspirants with the baton, only served as an additional illustration of the many wrong men in the wrong places. As a conductor, Herrmann is not only commanding, but he supplements his authority with an appreciation of his score, and as a consequence produces satisfying musical results.

Nothing has been settled definitely yet as to next season's opera, except that, if Mme. Melba returns again to head the company, there will be no German opera unless by the Grau forces. Of course, there will be opera, but when and by whom no one seems to know.

THOMSON.

Philadelphia Singer Sails.—Helen Boice Hunsicker sailed for Antwerp last week and will spend three months in Paris and London studying.

Welsh as Singers.—An Albany paper says: "A sentiment is gaining credence in America, at least, that to be of Welsh extraction is to be a singer. Certain it is that several vocalists most prominently before the American public just now are of this nationality. Of these, Evan Williams, Frangon Davies and Ben Davies have appeared at the May Festival concerts in this city several times."



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DEAR MUSICAL AMERICA:

As I told you some time ago, Maurice Grau's great card for his next season in this country will be Emma Calvé. He has offered her \$90,000 for sixty performances, or \$1,500 a performance. He believes that even at these high figures he will make money, so great is the lady's popularity.

Since Patti, no one has captured our popular favor as Calvé has done.

While she is much liked in London and Paris, she has not the same vogue there as here.

It is curious how the taste in the different cities varies.

For instance, the Parisians prefer Van Dyck to Jean de Reszke, while in London and New York M. Jean leads all the other tenors in public favor.

Frau Gadschi, who will take Mme. Eames' place this season in London, where she will appear for the first time, stands higher in this country than she does in Germany, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that she came here early in her career, and has done her best work here.

I have great faith in Gadschi's future. She is a great, broad, whole-souled woman, still quite young. Sometimes she suggests Parepa-Rosa in her best days; at others she suggests Schumann-Heink, although she is more refined.

Gadschi will not sing with the Ellis Opera Company again, and if she pleases in London, as no doubt she will, is sure to be with Grau here next Fall.

Gadschi leaves Ellis because she prefers the Wagner rôles; but as Ellis has no German tenor, she has been singing in "Aida" and the "Huguenots" in San Francisco and elsewhere. She made a great hit as Aida, a rôle to which her noble personality and fine voice are peculiarly well fitted.

Writing of artists who have done better in this country than elsewhere reminds me of de Pachmann, the pianist.

I suppose you know his real name is Bachmann, and that he changed the "B" into a "P," and added the "de."

The last season de Pachmann was here he cleared about \$35,000, but has not made much money since. His concert tours in Germany have not been very successful.

De Pachmann will come here in the Fall, and hopes to make a few dollars. He needs them, as he surrendered his fortune to his wife at the time she got a divorce. Since then she married in Paris, M. Labori, the lawyer who was prominent in the Dreyfus case.

No doubt you remember Mme. de Pachmann. She was a very beautiful woman and quite a clever pianist. She was an Irish girl, Miss Oakey, and became when very young de Pachmann's pupil.

At the beginning of last season the management of the Castle Square Opera Company fell foul of me because I wrote a criticism in which I scored their production of "Boccaccio."

I objected to some of the music being cut out, in order to make room for vulgar horse-play, gags and topical songs.

No one believes more in opera in English than I do, but I do not think the fact that an opera is sung in English by American singers should condone poor singing or vulgarity.

I was, therefore, glad to see W. J. Henderson, of the "Times," whom I consider the most conscientious, as well as the most capable of all our critics, take up this very subject in the Sunday supplement of his paper.

He says, inter alia:

"At the American Theatre opera is given at very low prices, by singers who are not above the grade of those heard in the ordinary comic opera performance. All of them work hard, rehearse often, and are generally out of voice. Not one of them is possessed of a singing organ of the first quality.

"The orchestra of the Castle Square Company is radically, hopelessly bad. The chorus, which is much overpraised, is a good one; but it never has time to do more than learn the music of each opera, and sing it with all its might and main. There is no refinement in the work of this chorus.

"Acting as practised by the members of the Castle Square Opera Company is, except in the cases of one or two members, not an art, but a series of accidents. Acting of this kind usually takes one back in memory to the good old days of the school commencement, when the 'show' wound up with a 'dialogue.' It may be added that this species of acting has a peculiar charm for persons from the country, who go home in ecstasies of ad-

miration over the way in which Mr. Spouter 'took off' the hero. People who like this kind of acting are also fond of that kind of singing which makes the most noise, and their applause does not, as a rule, contribute to the progress of art."

I will not deny that such performances may make a lot of money, but do they contribute to the cause of good music?

I think they do not.

Perhaps, however, the Castle Square Opera Company may in time develop better things, and give us opera in English of which we need not be ashamed.

When they do this, I think they will find a public very willing to support them.

Mr. Finck, of the "Evening Post," has written a review of Mr. James G. Huneker's book, "Mezzotints in Modern Music."

While fairly complimentary to Mr. Huneker, Mr. Finck calls him to account for his enthusiasm for Brahms, and also accuses him of being inconsistent.

Mr. Finck's point of view is wrong.

Mr. Huneker is not a critic. He is not well-balanced enough to be a critic. He has not the critical faculty.

Huneker is "sui generis," a man of deep sympathies, of a large and catholic love for all that is beautiful and artistic, but he lacks stability, and manufactures his principles and artistic canons for immediate consumption, as the baker makes his bread.

He is purely a creature of impulse, and so, while he often soars into the Empyrean, he also sometimes descends into the gutter, whose mud he will claim is as much a part of nature as the blue sky above.

Essentially a Bohemian of Bohemians, he has his orgies, intellectual as well as physical, and the duly consequent fits of remorse, self-denial and general collapse.

But there are times when he has something to say, and says it in words that are hot with the sincerity of truth, and vigorous from consciousness of power.

This, and a most amiable, easy-going personality, have made him, perhaps the best-liked writer on music in this country.

It is to be regretted that his connection with a certain notorious musical sheet has so far cut him off from that distinguished and cultured public that is ever ready to receive with enthusiasm a man of his unquestioned genius.

JOHN C. FREUND.

PADEREWSKI'S PERVERSENESS.

Some time ago Paderewski was spending a few weeks in Rome, and naturally enough he was made the recipient of very flattering social honors.

He could not easily be induced to play in the salons of the Italian nobility, however, and a young princess, who was desirous that the pianist should play at a party given to her friends, was compelled to resort to a ruse. She had observed that whenever the great artist was present at a social gathering her lady friends had taken special care to open the piano, and in such cases it was almost invariably impossible to get Paderewski to touch the instrument.

At her own soirée, therefore, she locked the piano and put the key in her pocket. Paderewski was spared on that occasion any request to play, and all the evening no mention was made of his art. This unique treatment seemed to surprise him, and presently he began to pace nervously to and fro before the locked instrument. At last he could no longer conceal his excitement, and personally requested the princess to give him the key of the instrument. Then he played.

More Praise for Paur.—Mr. Paur's tour in Canada was a distinct success. The Toronto "Mail and Empire" praises the gifted leader thus unequivocally: "He undoubtedly made a stronger impression here than did Seidl." That is a significant statement.

The Power of Music.—When Händel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a fine organ, the audience were so entranced that they did not stir, till at length the regular organist impatiently waved Händel out of his seat, saying: "You cannot dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can disperse them."

Benefit for Harpist.—Miss Inez Carusi, the harpist, who a few years ago met with an accident while a passenger on a street car, and received injuries which have incapacitated her as an instrumentalist, is to have a testimonial benefit concert by her numerous friends at the Lenox Lyceum, Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue, New York, Sunday evening, May 28.

Leoncavallo and the Queen.—Queen Victoria's latest love, musically speaking, is Leoncavallo. During his recent sojourn in Nice, where he produced his opera, "La Bohème," he devoted a whole evening, at her request, to playing selections from his operas for her at the Hotel Regina. He played till midnight, and received from the Queen a jeweled cigar-case and an invitation to be her guest at Windsor during the opera season in July. He also received a severe pain when Her Majesty conversed on music.

Musical Printer.—An Omaha scribe complains amusingly that he has been made by the "printer's devil" to say some very startling things in print. The mischievous imp transformed a "Benedictus," which was to be sung in a certain church, into "Benedictine." Another genius changed the word "Litany" into "Library." Händel's "Largo" has appeared in Omaha programmes as "Large," and even "Lager." A concerto has been disguised as a "concertina" and as a "corneto." "Valse" have masqueraded under the title of "valises."

MUSICAL CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, May 9, 1899.

The event of last week was Walter Damrosch's "Manila Te Deum," with the assistance of Mme. Gadschi, Christine Nielson-Dreier, George Hamlin and Frank K. Clark as soloists; the Apollo Club and Chicago Orchestra. Mr. Damrosch conducted.

The performance in every way was a great success, and the composer was cheered to the echo. Society was out en force, for in truth it was a society event as much as anything else, and could not fail to be anything short of a dazzling success.

Gadschi was given a demonstrative reception. She sang Weber's great aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," with wonderful dramatic strength, and heaped honors anew upon her charming self. The "Hallelujah" chorus from the "Messiah," and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," with the Gadschi aria, constituted the first part of the concert. The "Conquering Hero" chorus was apropos of the military officers, including Gen. M. B. Young and staff.

Reginald Martin, a thirteen-year-old boy, has been appointed organist at the Church of the Ascension, La Salle avenue and Elm street. This church seems to have a predilection for youthful organists. H. M. Wild was an appointee at fifteen to the same position, and Organist Bredin, who goes to St. James' Church, and is succeeded by young Martin, was sixteen when he took the place.

The last concert of the Spiering Quartet was very poorly attended. The quartet seems to know no discouragement; be the attendance large or small, the same conscientious work is done. The value of an organization like this to the musical atmosphere of Chicago should not be underrated. As a paying proposition, string-quartet recitals can scarcely be rated at all. Max Heinrich was the assisting soloist, and his voice was slightly off. As a vocalist, Mr. Heinrich has probably seen his golden days. Wear and age must show, but it in no wise detracts from a past, useful and artistic.

Victor Herbert's opera, the "Fortune-Teller," is having a second production at the Columbia Theatre this season. Herbert's music is the kind for the people. He ought to be called the American Strauss.

May 11, Dan Godfrey and his British Guards' Band play a concert at the Auditorium, under the auspices of the First Regiment, I. N. G., and with the assistance of the First Regiment Band of forty pieces.

The Chicago Musical College's artists' class gives a concert in Studebaker Hall to-day. Arthur Rich and Ida Belle Field are the pianists; Lewis Blackman, violin; Reginald Roberts and Grace Nelson, vocalists; and an orchestra under the direction of Hans Von Schiller contribute the programme.

Jenny Osborne-Hannah and her husband, Frank Hannah, sailed for Europe last week. Mrs. Hannah expects to remain abroad several months and devote herself to study.

Vaclav I. Barborka, a violinist, has invented a contrivance by which he can play the piano with his feet, and thus be his own accompanist. There are plenty of Chicago pianists who can't play with their hands—to say nothing of their feet.

The Chicago Marine Band leaves for New Orleans, May 10, to play a long engagement in that city. Other engagements will keep the band in the West until the beginning of next season.

PHILIP J. MEHL.

Sousa May Have Theatre.—There is a strong possibility that E. R. Reynolds, at present manager for John Philip Sousa and De Wolf Hopper in their operatic enterprises, will undertake the management of Koster & Bial's Music Hall, New York, next season. In such an event, the establishment will be called Sousa's Theatre, and the band-master and his musicians will make it their headquarters. The theatre will be devoted to exploiting Sousa's compositions, including his operas.

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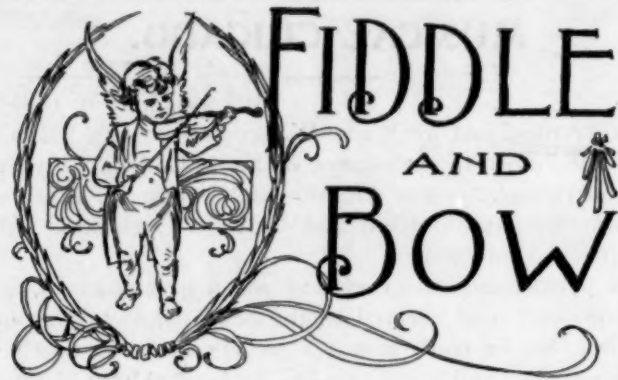


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This is the time of year when fiddlers begin to realize the brevity of our musical seasons. This is the season of discontent and furrowed brows, of anxious speculation as to Summer "possibilities," and that general tired feeling which neither Hood's nor Ayer's sarsaparilla seems capable of converting into joy and energy. The brief six months—hardly more—in which a fiddler is nowadays permitted to exercise his digitals and ask for fitting recompense, are only too soon a joyless thing of the past. October, the precursor of withering leaves and snow and sleet and misery—October, so unpropitious for the many, means gladdening hearts and buoyancy where fiddlers segregate. Whereas, May, greeting the whole universe with a smile, finds the musician ungrateful for its bountiful blessings.

Of course, not to the entire class of musicians are the Summer months unwelcome. There are some lordly ones, who, just now, are patting their bank-books affectionately, and soon will be packing their grips and speeding to mountain retreats or European resorts. Others there are who contentedly remain at home and respirationally enlarge their repertoire for the coming season. And there are the vocal teachers (a species of musician, I'll admit), who majestically inform their Summer patrons that, as heretofore, they will be on deck in various parts of the country, and will relieve all young ladies who are afflicted, vocally, for the exceedingly modest sum of five dollars for each half-hour's administration.

But, alas and alack! the majority of musicians who stroll through our parks these beautiful days can see no reason for content or gratitude in green blades of grass and luxuriant foliage. Frolicsome children only mock their discontent; and the mysterious twittering of happy birds serves only to accentuate the unhappy mood of the army of enforced idlers.

Perhaps, 'tis all for the best. Perhaps, in time, these idlers will learn to appreciate the necessity of broadening their minds, enlarging their knowledge of men and things, and fitting themselves more adequately for the struggles of existence. Experience and reflection may, in time, bring them to a sense of realization of their utter incompleteness and comparative helplessness; and such realization may prove the inspiring light which will guide them to a new and better and more fruitful existence.

Last Sunday's "Herald" contained an article, entitled "Doesn't a Perfect Violin Exist?" in which "an experienced musician" is quoted as having said that "the first step in the solution of this problem (the making of a perfect violin) is to abandon all the misinformation contained in the books on violin-making, and also the advice of the violin-makers and repairers; for these men all follow the books, consequently not one violin worthy the name has been, or ever will, be made by them so long as these errors are persisted in."

That the "experienced musician" is an enthusiast on the subject is made very clear by this paragraph and others that are well worth re-quotting. But this statement, in its entirety, can hardly be considered either just or accurate. It is true that many worthless books on the subject of violin-making have been written by amateurs with little or no knowledge of their subject, but who, for some inexplicable reason, feel themselves called upon to contribute to our scientific literature. It is equally true that such books are often, or generally, misleading, and that they contain nothing that has advanced, or ever will advance, the mysterious art of violin-making. But to place the earnest and excellent violin-makers of the present century in the same category with vain-glorious and incompetent fiddle-writers is manifestly as unjust as it is foolish. I do not mean to imply, of course, that all fiddle-

makers possess either uncommon or profound knowledge of their art. Quite the contrary. Few men, who to-day are professionally engaged in this fascinating pursuit, are capable of throwing new light on a subject that has perplexed the scientific world for more than a century. But not all of these men "follow the books;" and many of them, while unable to fathom the mystery that has baffled a century's investigations, have acquired much skill and knowledge, not from books, but in the workshops where they learned their craft, and from later and varied experience.

The "experienced musician" goes on to say that, because the old Cremonas "have had to be re-barred and re-necked in the attempt to bring them up to modern pitch requirements, they have necessarily all been thrown out of the acoustic proportion and adjustment originally designed by their makers, and so are, consequently, imperfect makeshifts. Most of these have beautiful tone quality, but they are weak."

Truly, "imperfect makeshifts" is a most lofty view to take of these poor old Cremonas, that, simply because they have necessarily been supplied with new necks and new bass-bars, have degenerated into merely sufferable things! And as to their tone-volume—why, we know of any number of Stradivaris that are daily disproving such a statement.

There is, however, a beautiful optimism in this fiddle enthusiast's last statement, which, I am sure, will interest, if not astound, all my readers. He says: "I am not content to accept an Amati, a Stradivarius or a Guarnerius as the highest standard possible. I want something better than was ever produced in the workshops of Cremona, and I know that concerted intelligence can produce it."

Our unknown enthusiast will earn the lasting gratitude of countless dejected fiddlers by a gentle outpouring of his artistic and scientific soul. In the meantime, we, one and all of us, are slavish worshippers of Stradivarius, and have only one fault to find with the old mystic, viz., that he forgot to bequeath each of us at least a half-dozen of his "imperfect makeshifts."

There are many persons who, unaided by anything but their own imagination, have acquired the belief that a vast difference exists between the fiddle and the violin. Somehow or another, they are under the impression that the violin is the infant of the viol family, and the fiddle the full-grown and pompous adult—which reminds me of the very witty and entertaining Moszkowski. On all occasions, and particularly at the café where he delights in playing billiards, he relates the newest anecdotes and propounds conundrums by the yard. One of his favorite questions to the unwary used to be: What is the difference between a piano and a sewing-machine? And when the innocent would confess his ignorance of the difference between the two instruments, Moszkowski would drawl, in his inimitable fashion: "Well, if I wanted to purchase a piano, I should not ask you to select one for me!"

GEORGE LEHMANN.

Talented Female 'Cellist.—At the closing concert of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, the soloist was Mme. Flavie van den Hende, the Belgian 'cellist, of whose work the "Free Press" said: "Mme. van den Hende, a pupil of Servais and a Belgian, produces a pure, resonant tone of great power, her technical abilities are abundant and her musical intelligence is very fine, so that in each selection she revealed the most effective results, both as to reading and execution, and completely captured her audience."

Valuable Violins.—A remarkable fact in connection with the recent Joachim celebration was that forty-four of the eighty-eight violins used by the orchestra were "Strads," and were insured for that night for the total sum of \$250,000.

Annual Scherhey Concert.—The annual concert given by Mr. M. I. Scherhey and his advanced pupils, will take place May 22 at Chickering Hall. As usual, Mr. Scherhey has spared no pains to prepare a particularly pleasing programme, and it is safe to predict even thus early that the entertainment will fully equal his previous successful efforts.

STRING QUARTET RECITAL.

It takes confidence, and not a little courage, on the part of a new chamber-music organization to give a concert in New York on a Sunday afternoon in the month of May.

In forming the New York String Quartet, it was not Mr. Bernard Sinsheimer's intention to show us anything new in the way of chamber-music performances that we have not heard from the Kneisel, Kaltenborn, Morgan and Dannreuther Quartets, but rather to demonstrate that the high degree of perfection, which we admire so much in those organizations, is not their exclusive right, and can be attained by dint of assiduous application, added to superior musicianship and intelligence.

Mr. Sinsheimer's partners, Messrs. John Spargur, second violin; J. Altschüler, viola, and M. Altschüler, 'cello, could hardly have been selected with greater care, and constant practice has moderated their separate idiosyncrasies to such an extent that the ensemble of the club is perfectly welded, and seems cast in one mold, the legitimate aim and end of all artistic chamber-music performances.

Sunday's concert at the Berkeley Lyceum offered a very interesting programme, containing quartets by Mozart and Dvorák, and a trio by Arensky.

The work of the players was excellent throughout, although at times the viola spoiled the tonal balance of the ensemble. Then, too, the pianissimos were often slightly exaggerated; they may have been felt by the players, but they were not always heard by the audience.

Mr. Sinsheimer is a most efficient leader, who seems to lay particular stress on the niceties of tonal values and shadings.

His technic is unusually reliable, and he uses it artistically, never as a means of display.

The Dvorák work, op. 51, is not often heard here, and is not likely to be, for it lacks all the elements of greatness.

It is pleasant, amiable music, of a very inoffensive kind. The Arensky trio shows the Russian composer at his best, for in it he is original, which cannot be said for his piano concerto and smaller pieces.

The best work of the quartet was done in this number, especially in the lovely third movement.

The piano part was undertaken by Mr. E. Bernstein, who gave it a satisfactory reading in the main, although his fortes were too assertive. This may have been the fault of the open piano.

J. H. C.

MUSICAL CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, O., May 6, 1899.

Cleveland musical circles have been very busy since Lent. Many fine concerts have taken place, and, as a rule, they have been largely attended. Dan Godfrey and his Guards' Band occupied the attention of music-lovers at the Grays' Armory Monday night, playing to a packed house. Much enthusiasm was aroused. The Society of St. George made a presentation to Lieut. Godfrey of a magnificent ivory, gold-mounted baton.

The Paur Orchestra was here at the Central Armory last week and gave a fine concert. They were assisted by the Cleveland Vocal Society and a chorus of picked voices, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Arthur, of the School of Music.

On Wednesday night last a unique concert was given in Association Hall to an audience of about one thousand. All the instrumental numbers were performed upon the Æolian and Pianola, which instruments also played the accompaniments for the soloists, who were: Mr. Charles Heydler, 'cello; Miss Pauline Hilker, soprano, and Miss Isabel Sanders, harp. The concert was a great success. Encore after encore was given, and the audience expressed its amazement and delight at the performances of the wonderful instruments.

HAROLD A. VOSSELER.

Emil Fischer Married.—News was received in New York last week of the marriage in Germany of Herr Fischer (so long a popular basso in the days of the German régime at the Metropolitan Opera House) and Mlle. Camille Seygard. The new Mrs. Fischer (second wife of the basso) is a Russian. She was heard in this country with the Damrosch Opera Company several years ago. Herr Fischer is more than sixty years old, and has been for forty years on the operatic stage. He returned to Germany, after his farewell here, and gave concerts. Mlle. Seygard appeared with him. She is still in the thirties, and a pretty woman.

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It is difficult for me to express in measured words my unaffected joy at receiving the subjoined letter from an irate but polite reader of this column:

"My Dear Sir: I generally find your 'Pianists' pleasant reading when you confine your writings to comment on piano-players and their doings; but I think in the realm of fiction you have some superiors, like Kipling, Crawford, Corelli and Hardy. They say that 'liars must have good memories,' and I think this applies to embryo novelists as well.

"In your imaginative tale last week about the malicious princess, Dham-Bad, and the unfortunate young man, E. Z. Mark, there are several startling discrepancies which I beg to call your attention to.

"In the first place you say: 'In an instant a large block was placed in the centre of the room, the young man's free arm was laid across it, and there, before the cruel eyes of Dham-Bad, the executioner's axe did its deadly work. E. Z. Mark's left arm was cut off at the shoulder.'

"Now, one would suppose that Mr. Mark, being a normal personage, had but two arms, and that when one of these was cut off, there remained to him but one, the right arm.

"However, you go on to state that: 'E. Z. Mark flourished his sword and cut off his right arm.'

"Now, with what arm did he flourish the sword and cut off the other, when he had but one? He must have been a contortionist of exceptional agility.

"Assuming, though, that Mr. Mark accomplished this remarkable feat, how do you explain the paragraph in which you say: 'There it lies,' answered E. Z. Mark, quietly pointing at the severed member with his sword.'

"Now, in what hand did Mr. Mark hold the sword with which he pointed at the 'severed member,' when by your own statements both of his arms had been cut off?

"A satisfactory answer to these questions would not only interest me exceedingly, but would cause me to retract my statement about your inferiority to the great writers mentioned above.

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN J. BOHRMANN.

"No. 126 East Twelfth-street, New York City."

The whole thing is very curious, isn't it, Mr. Bohrmann? How do I explain it? I don't. I shall let you puzzle it out for yourself, on the lines laid down in your letter. You are on the right trail. Think it over some more, and write to me again next week.

Since you take pleasure in probing such problems, you might ponder the connection between your letter and the following anecdote:

At a celebrated murder trial the chief witness was asked by the prosecuting attorney: "Will you please tell the jury, sir, how far you were from the scene of the shooting when it occurred?"

"Certainly," responded the witness, producing a notebook, which he studied for a moment; "I was four yards, one foot, two and one-half inches from the exact spot where the shooting took place."

There was an audible titter from the spectators, and even the jury joined, whereupon the learned Judge rapped for order, and said sharply to the witness: "How can you know the distance so exactly?"

"I measured it, Your Honor," was the rejoinder; "because I knew some d—d fool would ask me that question at the trial."

* * *

While on the subject of profanity, let me quote for you a very pretty little story from Mr. W. J. Henderson's interesting new book, "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music."

"A judicious conductor makes no attempt to put a poetic explanation before his orchestra," says Mr. Henderson, and then he tells of a celebrated leader, less practical, who was directing a rehearsal of Liszt's E flat concerto for piano.

"At the beginning of the scherzo," he continues, "there are some highly tripping notes for the triangle, which the player struck too heavily to please the conductor's fancy. He rapped with his baton to stop the orchestra."

"Sir," he said, gravely, addressing the triangle-player, "those notes should sound like a bluebell struck by a fairy."

"Whereupon the whole body of musicians burst into uncontrollable laughter. I told this story subsequently to a New York musician, a member of Theodore Thomas' orchestra, and he looked so amazed that I said:

"But doesn't Mr. Thomas talk to you at rehearsals?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, certainly!" was the reply.

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says 'D—n!' "

* * *

In my review last week of the Joseffy recital I find I was guilty of these statements: "Rafael Joseffy came to New York when he was about seventeen years old. . . his playing of Chopin's E minor concerto at his memorable debut in Steinway Hall," etc.

It would have been difficult to crowd more misinformation into that one paragraph, for, as a matter of fact, Joseffy was about twenty-six years old when he first came to New York, and his debut was made, not at Steinway Hall, but at Chickering Hall. I am glad to be able to state, however, that he did play the E minor concerto of Chopin.

Joseffy's name being so long identified with the Steinway piano, it is, perhaps, not generally known that during the first year of his stay in America, he played the Chickering piano, for which he was secured by Mr. Colell, the manager at that time of the house of Chickering & Sons.

* * *

Here is some more Western "criticism" that might be read with advantage by our cut-and-dried New York critics:

"The event last night that brought the shimmering ranks of respectable society to the Boyd Theatre was pulled off by Rosenthal, the middle-weight champion of the piano. He came here from Vienna, and he showed the people that he was in the game. We always considered Mary Kenowski, up in our part of town, a pretty good puncher of the ivories, but she fell 20 degrees in the opinion of her friends when Rosenthal lit out on that Chopin four-round bout. Gee, he made her look like a two-spot."

* * *

We are continually receiving letters from "up kentry," asking us to define "Rag-time." For some reason not yet apparent, these letters are always placed on my desk, and as there are now enough of them to make an answer imperative, I shall reprint here what I wrote some time ago in the Philadelphia "Etude":

"'Rag-time' is essentially a simple syncopation. The faculty for enjoying it must be acquired, much like a taste for caviar. The negroes of the South employed it in the banjo accompaniments to their songs; but not until the 'midways' of our recent expositions stimulated general appreciation of Oriental rhythms did 'rag-time' find supporters throughout the country. There are several varieties of this rhythm, the most common being those in which the regular beats of the melody alternate with those of the accompaniment, and vice versa. There are various degrees of skill in this process of distortion, and occasional chromatic progressions in the bass add greatly to the weirdness, if not to the beauty of 'rag-time.' Another of its peculiarities is that its best exponents are generally execrable musicians."

Since writing the above I have become acquainted with yet another species of "rag-time," called "rolling rag," which beggars description, and must be heard in order to be appreciated.

* * *

Here is one from the "Dramatic Mirror," told by C. E. Hamilton, a well-known manager: "This world has dished up some queer things to me, but I think I have reached the limit here. I played John Griffith to-night in 'The Avenger,' and as an orchestra does not exist in the town, we had to fall back on the piano. The only man in the place who could or would pound the ivories was in jail awaiting trial for theft. But the sheriff of this county is a decent chap, who would be in the profession if he did not have a better thing as sheriff, so he brought down his prisoner and sat beside him during the performance, watching both prisoner and the handcuff which lay on top of the piano."

LEONARD LIEBLING.

PIANO AND FORTE.

The London "World" recently printed this interesting information about Rachmaninoff, the young Russian composer, whose "Prelude" in C sharp minor, jumped into such sudden and great popularity with pianists everywhere, during the past two seasons, and who has just ended a visit to London, where he appeared in public as a pianist: "M. Rachmaninoff also played his 'Prelude' not only as no one else ever played it, but as no one reading the ordinary editions of it would imagine him to want it played. Of course, a composer can do with his own music what he likes; but why should he not have it printed as he intends it to sound? The incident gave food for bitter-sweet reflection on the snakes lurking in the grass that grows by the critic's path. Had any one else played this particular 'Prelude' in this particular way, one would have taken from one's quiver the sharpest arrows of sarcasm, and spoken scathingly of respect for composer's intentions. And how wrong one would have been."

Miss Marguerite Stillwell, the young Utican pianist, who has been studying abroad for many years, recently gave a most successful recital in her native city. The

"Herald" said of her playing: "She is an artist of the first rank, her technic, wonderful power of expression and broad conception being distinguishing characteristics. Miss Stillwell expects to go to New York soon to make arrangements with a prominent manager for a concert tour of the principal cities in the United States. It is expected that the tour will begin in October." To the artistic accomplishments enumerated above, Miss Stillwell adds the great additional advantages of a most pleasing personality and blonde beauty of a rare order—most potent aids to success on the concert stage.

About a well-known New York pianist the Sandusky "Register" says: "Mrs. Hadden-Alexander, a former well-known Sandusky lady, was accorded an enthusiastic reception on Monday evening at Turner Hall, Port Clinton, where she gave a piano-recital. The hall was crowded with the friends and acquaintances of the well-known pianist. An elaborate programme was rendered in an artistic manner, and each and every piece was encored. Mrs. Alexander responding in a happy manner. The recital was the best that has ever been given in the county."

Vladimir de Pachmann gave a "farewell" Chopin recital in London, May 1. The gifted little clown was as successful as ever.

Eugen D'Albert has been playing in Italy and Southern France, everywhere with the most unequivocal success.

A Denver paper discourses thus indiscreetly about the private life of Emil Sauer: "Like Ysae, Sauer has succumbed to the toothsome American pie and become a pie fiend of the first class. At every station he is first to the lunch counter."

Miss Jessie Shay's playing at the recent lecture given by Mr. W. J. Henderson, in Bridgeport, Conn., was highly commended by the various local papers. The "Daily Standard" was particularly enthusiastic, and aside from superlative praise of her playing, accorded the charming pianist this flattering personal tribute: "Of Miss Shay it is difficult to speak without enthusiasm. She has a strong and exceedingly attractive personality, and would easily win her way in any assembly of refined and cultured people without the aid of her musical talent. When to this is added the command of fine technic, rare musical ability and force of expression to a surprising degree, it is no wonder that she is able to charm and to fairly capture her audience, as she did last evening. A pleasing part of the whole matter is that she is a purely American production, and has been able to make a concert tour through Europe with complete success, captivating the very Germans with their own music and in their own musical centres."

Uncle Sam in Berlin.—A music-critic living in Berlin wrote recently: "At the rate the English language is making its way in Berlin to-day, it will be but a few years when we shall see in the shop windows here and there the sign, 'German spoken inside.'"

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For Publishers' Announcements, see Page 24.

New York, May 13, 1899.

N. Y. PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Philharmonic Society of New York, held on Tuesday, Mr. Emil Paur was re-elected for another year as conductor of the orchestra.

Out of the 61 votes cast, Mr. Paur received 58.

Walter Damrosch again received one vote, and Mr. Franz Kaltenborn was honored with two.

E. Francis Hyde was unanimously elected president; Richard Arnold, vice-president; August Roebbelen, secretary; H. Schmitz, treasurer; F. Bergner, William La Croix, A. Hoch, R. Klugescheid, L. Kester and J. M. Laendner, directors; Anthony Reif, A. Bernstein and Carl Sohst, trustees, and John C. Rietzel, librarian.

As is well known, at the end of each season the profits of the Philharmonic Society are divided among its members, and this year each man received \$262.

There was great dissatisfaction at this, for in the last year of Mr. Seidl's reign as leader the profits reached \$29,000, with \$385 for each member of the orchestra.

The salary of the conductor plays a rôle in the matter, for Seidl had but \$5,000 per annum, whereas Paur receives \$6,000.

It will be remembered that at the beginning of this season MUSICAL AMERICA put in a strong plea for a complete reorganization of the Philharmonic Society, and predicted that in the case of a retention of its "dead-wood," there would result a lack of interest on the part of the public, and a consequent falling off in the receipts.

The Germans have it, "Wer nicht hört, der muss fühlen" (He who hears not, must feel), and to feel through the medium of the pocketbook is the most dire pain that the German-American orchestra player could experience.

The artistic results achieved after a few rehearsals by Paur, with his "scratch" orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, bear out what MUSICAL AMERICA said of the value of "new blood" and enthusiasm in an orchestral organization.

Most of the Philharmonic players are musical journeymen, day-laborers, who play for so much per performance, and saw and blow at a Beethoven symphony with the same mechanical apathy that marks their playing of dance-music—a branch of the profession that knows them well.

In Europe such a state of affairs could not exist, for there the member of a large orchestra takes a personal pride in his connection with it, and the offer of a "dance" engagement would be tantamount to insulting him.

The players rehearse often and willingly, and no amount of work and practice is spared to attain all possible perfection.

Here there is no sentiment connected with our large orchestras.

It is all \$\$\$\$.

And because this is so, our Philharmonic Society lacks the necessary "esprit de corps."

The men hate rehearsals; they shun them when they can, and complain long and bitterly when the hours of work extend beyond the time allowed by the Union.

The injunctions and exhortations of the leader are carried out grudgingly, and his authority is nil.

That is why the performances of the orchestra never change, why their music has retained the same complexion throughout all these years, and why it is no longer up to the standard and spirit of the times.

And the performers alone are not to blame.

The directors should show some backbone occasionally, and find a way to enforce discipline, if the short-sighted musicians do not realize the importance of their own accord.

The system of making a stock company of the Philharmonic Society seems to have aided in working its decay.

Each man feels as though he were a part owner in the enterprise, and the permanency of his position renders him careless and lazy.

The players kick because the public shows no enthusiasm?

First show some yourself, you patriarchs in the chairs of the players and the directors.

Get some new, young, ambitious men into your midst, men who are up to the times, men with life and blood and push.

Then rehearse, and play as if you enjoyed playing.

That is the way to win the public!

More Revelations.—Mr. John C. Freund's "Book of Revelations" will be resumed in the Fall, when this paper will be known as MUSICAL AMERICA AND MUSIC TRADES.

HOW GOUNOD BECAME A MUSICIAN.

Told in the Great Composer's Own Words.

Shortly before his death Gounod wrote a brief sketch of the manner in which he became a musician, and this has just been published for the first time by the "Petit Bleu," of Paris. It is wholly from Gounod's pen, and, as an autobiographic fragment, will surely prove of much interest to all admirers of the famous composer of "Faust."

"I was thirteen years old," he begins, "and was a pupil at the Harcourt School. My mother, a poor widow, was obliged to work hard for her living and had to trudge through snow and sunshine in order to obtain the means for her children's education. I was continually worried over the thought that she was sacrificing herself for me, and I longed for the day when I could set her free from her unworthy labor. Her views, however, in regard to my future differed from mine. She had destined me for a university career, whereas I ever heard an enticing voice saying, 'You must be a musician.'"

"One day I told my mother about my heart's desire.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked.

"Yes; in dead earnest."

"And you will not go to the university?"

"Never!"

"Where will you go, then?"

"To the Conservatory."

"It was now her turn to say 'Never.' It seemed fated then that I was to remain at the Harcourt School until I had finished my studies, and that, if misfortune still dogged my footsteps at that time. I would have to become a soldier. I could not look to my mother for any help. She would rather that I should do anything else than become a vagabond musician.

"My dear mother," I finally said to her, "I will stay at school, since you wish it; but one thing I am determined on, and that is that I will never become a soldier."

"Do you mean that you will not obey the law, which calls for military service?"

"No, but I mean that the law will be a dead letter so far as I am concerned."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I will win the 'Prix de Rome,' which will free me from the necessity of becoming a soldier."

"My mother then abandoned the idea of trying to make me change my mind. She decided, however, to lay the matter before Father Pierson, my school principal. The jolly old gentleman summoned me and began in a fatherly tone of voice: 'So, my little fellow, we are going to spend our life among musicians?'

"Yes, Mr. Pierson."

"But music! Is that a profession?"

"What about Mozart, Meyerbeer, Weber, Rossini? Didn't they have a profession?"

"The good principal was somewhat taken aback, and replied hastily: 'Oh, Mozart—that's a different matter altogether. He gave proof of genius when he was only your age. But you! What can you do? Let us see.' With these words he scribbled on a sheet of paper Joseph's ballad, beginning, 'When my childhood was past.' Then he handed me the sheet. 'Come, let me have some music for these words.' I ran off, and two hours later I came back to him with my first musical composition.

"Good gracious!" said the old gentleman. "You're a terrible fellow. Go ahead and sing your little song now."

"Sing? Without a piano?"

"What do you want a piano for?"

"To play an accompaniment. It is impossible in any other way to set forth the true harmony of a work."

"Oh, nonsense! I don't care a fig for your harmony. What I want to know is whether you have any ideas, any true musical temperament. Go ahead now."

"I began to sing. When I had finished, I glanced timidly at my stern critic. Tears stood in his eyes, tears were rolling down his cheeks. I saw that he was strangely moved, and I was not surprised to find myself the next moment in his arms.

"It is beautiful, beautiful, my boy," he said. "We will make something out of you. You shall become a musician, for the real fire is in you."

"In this way I gained a champion. Finally, my mother took me to Reiche, my first music teacher. She was still troubled about me, and she whispered into Reiche's ear: 'Don't let him have an easy time. Let him see the dark side of the musical profession. I will bless you if you send him back to me a music hater.'

"Reiche, however, could not please her in this way. After a year he was obliged to say to her in reply to her inquiries: 'Madame, you had better content yourself. Your boy has talent. He knows what he wants, and nothing can discourage him. He knows already as much as I do, and there is only one thing which he does not know, namely, that he knows something.'

"I knew this also, however, for every one who is not an ass possesses self-consciousness. Three years later I won the 'Prix de Rome,' and I had accomplished my heart's desire."

Mrs. Fine Engaged.—Mrs. Beatrice Fine, well known on the Pacific coast, who came to New York at the beginning of this season, has just closed a contract with Dr. Collier's church, Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York, whereby she will become the soprano of that fashionable congregation.

Graff and Ellis Part.—During the Ellis-Damrosch opera seasons and during the Ellis Opera Company tour of 1898-99, Mr. C. L. Graff was the business manager and representative of the company on the road. Mr. Graff resigned his connection with Mr. Ellis and sailed Saturday for Europe on the Lucania. He goes abroad for three or four months to complete arrangements with a number of leading concert and operatic artists, whom he will bring over here next season, when he contemplates giving a series of concerts with several distinguished soloists.

MUSICAL OMAHA.

OMAHA, NEB., May 2, 1899.

The month of April was a brilliant one musically. It opened with a piano recital by Godowsky, in Boyd's Theatre, under the direction of T. J. Kelly, the musical director of the Greater America Exposition, who was also musical director of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition last year. Later on came Rosenthal, under the local management of Joseph Gahn.

The most brilliant event in the way of local talent was the violin-recital by Hans Albert, which was given in the First Congregational Church. Mr. Albert has no equal in the West. For years he was first violinist in the Thomas Orchestra. He plays with wonderful expression and technic. Mr. Albert will give a second recital in May, assisted by Mme. Muntefering.

The Omaha Musicians' Association, organized several years ago for mutual protection, is now in good condition, with 175 members, and stands ready to furnish orchestras or concert bands for all occasions. One band from this organization had a two months' engagement at the Exposition last year. A concert will be given May 6, the proceeds to go towards uniforming the members of the bands.

Mrs. Cotton gave a recital at the Omaha Club (the fashionable club of the city) last week, which was one of the most recherché affairs of the season. The best talent of the city took part, and the success was so great that the club is thinking of making this a permanent weekly part of their programme.

Mr. Schueker, the harpist of the Thomas Orchestra, who has been touring the West and Southwest with Bruno Steindel, the 'cellist, is dangerously ill in New Mexico with heart disease.

C. C. HAHN.

NOTICE.

Mr. Howard S. Bell has resigned his position on MUSICAL AMERICA, and has resumed his connection with the sale of typewriters, in which business he had previously been for several years.

Castle Square Season Over.—The season of English opera, given by the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theatre, New York, closed last Saturday with a very successful performance of "Aida." There was a large and very enthusiastic audience. The next season will open at this theatre on October 2, with the first production in English in America of "Die Meistersinger."

Æolian Recitals.—The interesting recitals given weekly at the Æolian quarters, No. 18 West Twenty-third street, New York, still continue, and are as well arranged and instructive as ever. The Pianola, Orchestrelle and Æolian organ are daily winning over new friends and believers. The soloists at the two latest concerts were Mr. Franz Wilczek and Mme. Van den Hende, both of whom achieved distinguished success.

Singer's Husband Absconds.—Cable reports to the New York papers tell the story of R. A. Hashim, a shipper, who absconded from London to New York, leaving behind him \$125,000 liabilities. It is said that his wife is conducting an operatic troupe in this country. Not long ago he shipped to her almost \$8,000 in cash, and transferred to her his estate in Beyrout, Syria. Steps have been taken for Hashim's arrest.

Mottl for New York.—It is more than probable that Felix Mottl, the great Wagnerian conductor, will be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House next season. Mr. Grau is negotiating for Mottl's engagement, and has offered him \$25,000 a year, with a contract for five years, for the services of himself and wife, who made such a successful début as Elsa, in "Lohengrin," on the opening night of the present London operatic season. Herr Mottl has about decided to accept the offer.

Hayes Pupil's Success.—At a concert given last week in Meriden, Conn., by J. Jerome Hayes, the successful vocal instructor, a most decided success was achieved by Mr. G. Heathe Gregory, a young basso of extraordinary promise, whose singularly sympathetic voice and splendid training called forth utmost enthusiasm from the large audience. Mr. Gregory was formerly a boy-soprano. Apropos, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will sail for Europe, July 12, on the Paris. They will tour England and the Continent.

Bostonians' New Opera.—While in San Francisco recently, the Bostonians acquired the right of production for an opera from the pen of a young American composer, J. Minkowski. The work is called "The Smuggler's Wife," and is built on the Neo-Italian style, with whose chief adherents, Puccini, Leoncavallo and Franchetti, Mr. Minkowski lived and studied for some years in Milan. The work was "discovered" and brought to the notice of the Bostonians by Mr. H. M. Bosworth, the San Francisco correspondent of MUSICAL AMERICA. The first production will probably take place in New York about the beginning of September.

Mariner Recitals.—The well-known New York exponent of the Virgil Method, Mr. Frederic Mariner, was greeted by a large audience at the first recital of his annual May series. The programme was played by two little pupils, Miss Margaret Davis and Master Miner Walden Gallup, who proved all the assertions of devotees of the Virgil Method, and certainly demonstrated that children can be interested as much, if not more, in this line of teaching, than pupils of the old school. Miss Margaret Davis, in ninety lessons, has accomplished much that older and more experienced performers might well envy. Mr. Mariner's short talk on the "Five Points of Technic," the strong points of the Virgil Method, proved decidedly interesting, and with the illustrations of the children gave a very clear idea of how young pupils, as well as older ones, can be successfully taught to become public performers.

MUSICAL SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3, 1899.

The pianistic agitation occasioned by the coincident presence of two such eminent champions of the keyboard as Sauer and Rosenthal was quite ebullient last week. They were cordially received by those who attended their recitals; but neither of them excited as much acclaim here as they deserved. For, to tell the truth, our pockets had been rather severely depleted by Melba opera. Rosenthal, as well as Carreño, had played for us not very long ago, so the piano field had been pretty well worked out before the recent recitals. Sauer, being a stranger, excited more interest, but not enough to justify his long journey to visit our remote realm, at the expense of time that could more profitably have been occupied in Eastern cities. His playing was infinitely admired by those who heard him; while those who had the pleasure of meeting him had a double reason to be glad he came to our shores.

He called upon me and revealed himself as a most delightful man, as well as artist. By invitation of Mr. Q. A. Chase, of Kohler & Chase, I had the pleasure of attending a farewell lunch the day Sauer departed, April 27. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Sauer, the host, Mr. A. F. Lejeal, the composer of masses; Sir Henry Heyman, the violinist, and myself. We sat in the fifteenth story of the Spreckels Building, from the windows of which we commanded a panoramic view of San Francisco, and a horizon of land and water thirty miles wide. The three hours' symposium was delightful. Sauer, who speaks English fluently, and is a charming conversationalist, regaled us with many anecdotes and incidents of his wide experience during the nineteen years of his artistic career, which would make good reading if recorded.

One of them described his first appearance in Budapest, where he is always successful. The manager, who must be something of a Barnum, was consumed with solicitude regarding the best plan to boom the new artist. Sauer's advertising portraits happened to present his profile crowned with his long hair in a way to suggest his resemblance to an American Indian! This happy thought occurred to the manager, who at once seized upon it and proceeded to announce Sauer as the son of a Sioux chief, with the accompanying fiction of his marvelous pianistic evolution, etc. The plan worked to a charm, and an audience worth several thousand dollars was secured to welcome the marvel.

Capt. Alfred Kelleher, who abandoned the long-filled position of a leading teacher of singing here to go to Manila with the First California Regiment, has just returned. His honorable career as an officer was interrupted by the ravages of war and climate to the impairment of his health, and he came home to recover. Kelleher has taught many noted pupils in his long experience, among whom are Emma Nevada, Sybil Sanderson and Marie Barna.

H. M. BOSWORTH.

MUSICAL CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, May 7, 1899.

The well-advertised Sembrich concert, which was to take place last Tuesday evening at Music Hall, turned out a rather lame affair. The great singer did not appear, and a mixed programme by Giuseppe Campanari and half a dozen other singers was substituted for the original opera programme that was to be performed that night. It is not necessary to say much of Campanari. He is a fine singer and a true artist, and never disappoints his audience. Miss Sara Anderson, the principal soprano of the evening, made an excellent impression. Her powerful and well-trained voice has a wide range, and is of beautiful quality, especially in the lower and middle register. Her upper tones are a trifle harsh, but that defect is not sufficiently perceptible to interfere with the enjoyment of her expressive and thoroughly musical execution. Miss Anderson has been engaged as one of the soloists for the coming Saengerfest, and her first appearance in Cincinnati was, for that reason, particularly interesting to the musical people of this city.

The other soloists were Miss Blanche Towle, a fine, but rather cold contralto of fine stage appearance; Miss Anna Lohbiller, a soprano, with a pleasing, but insignificant voice; Mr. Clarence Shirley, a tenor of no particular distinction, and Myron W. Whitney, Jr., whose principal merit lies in the fact that he is the son of a once famous singer. The orchestra was decidedly unsatisfactory, and played in a perfectly mechanical way, without even an attempt at shading or intelligent interpretation.

The serious crisis which threatened the College of Music on account of the resignation of Messrs. Albino and Romeo Gorno, followed by the resignations of the assistant teachers of the piano department, and of Mr. John A. Broeckhoven, the teacher of theory and sight-reading, has been averted for the time being, or rather, postponed until next year. The trustees of the college well knew that the college could not survive the loss of Signor Albino and of his assistants, and, at an executive session held last Saturday, resolved to make an energetic effort to persuade Signor Albino Gorno and his brother to remain with the college at least for another year. I am not informed whether it was the persuasive power of the trustees, or some important concession offered by them, that caused Mr. Gorno to reconsider his resignation, and to sign a contract for another year; but I am inclined to believe that it required a stronger inducement than mere persuasion to bind Signor Gorno and his brother for another year. It is highly probable that the other members of the piano department will also change their minds and remain so long as the head of the department chooses to stay.

ERNEST WELLECK.

PADEREWSKI'S OPERA.

(By cable to the New York "Journal.")

PARIS, May 6, 1899.

Paderewski has nearly completed the opera on which he has been engaged for a long time. The subject is a romantic gypsy life scene in the Carpathian Mountains. Paderewski begins a short London season on Tuesday, which will interrupt his work on the opera. During the Summer he will live in Switzerland, where he has purchased a fine villa. The opera will be produced in Dresden next Fall.

Suzanne Adams III.—Miss Suzanne Adams is said to be seriously ill in London, and all thought of her appearances for the time being has been abandoned. She was to have sung at Covent Garden with the opera company engaged by Maurice Grau. Miss Adams is said to have been taken ill on the steamer. She sailed from New York on the Campania with her husband, Leo Stern, on April 22. Miss Adams is under contract to Maurice Grau for the next four years, so her career is practically settled for that length of time.

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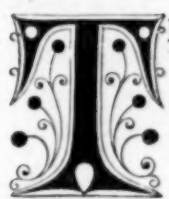
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THE MUSIC TRADES COMPANY,
24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.